

Wichita Daily Eagle

Has thou eaten of pomgranates that thine eyes
Had the look of one who ever faintly sighs
For a land of bluish shadow, strangely sweet,
Where a king in days long vanished slept
his foot?

Has thou eaten of pomgranates that thy mouth
Bears the stain of that rare fruitage from the
south?

Is it that which through thy pulses soft has
soured,
O'er thy cheeks its red wine flooding at a word?

Some day as we stand a dreaming there shall ring
Chang from silver-bellied horses of the king,
We shall turn to give thee question, wonder eyed,
But to find that thou hast vanished from our
side.

O'er the belted bees' sweet humming there shall fall
Far and near throughout the morning tender
call,
As we wander, heart-a-hungry, for some trace
In the meadows and the pastures of thy face.

Mourning Ceres long went calling, woe and
faint,
Till at last the gods gave answer to her plaint;
But for us no sleeping this watch death keeps,
All the old gray gods of Hades in sleep.

Back the silver-bellied horses shall bring
She who sits of red pomgranates with the king.
—Overland Monthly.

A WITCH BEWITCHED.

A water lily fell at Mona's bare feet.
She knew quite well what it meant. She
knew whose boat was coming under the
bend in the river, but she did not
stir nor look up. She was leaning against
the old oak tree at the water's edge, and
flicking to pieces a spray of golden-
rod. The sunbeams sifted through the
tree and flickered over the dusky head,
slipped down past the lowered lashes,
likened the dimples on the bare cheeks.
The oars in the water ceased their regu-
lar plash and the boat glided up to where
she stood.

The bits of goldenrod floated by on
each side.

"An' Mona, did ye have no greetin'
for me? Why did ye come?"

Mona drew the last scrap of flowers
and looks at him.

"Is it that you think I have come here
to you?" she laughs. "Gerald, sure ye
don't think that?"

"And why not?" he says, in an injured
way. "I told ye Sunday I was going to
the Shallows; didn't I ask ye thin to
come down?"

"Perhaps," she says. "I have forgot.
I came down to pick the cross; 'tis busy
I am."

So she flashes one glance at him and
picks up her basket, as yet empty.

"Cross! Why, Mona," he says, "come,
get ye into the boat. This cross is not
half so lush as some a bit further. Come
on," he urges.

Mona hesitates, and swings the basket
up and down. Back across the green
slope of land she looks, across the stile
and just beyond the hill, where a faint
flick of smoke creeps up from the
little chimney barely visible.

Gerald follows her gaze. "Come,
Mona," he says. "They won't miss ye."

"Well," she says slowly, "well." In
reality she is loathing to go, but of course
it would not do to let him see it. "Ye
needn't help me. I can get in."

Lightly he dips his oars, and they
glide down the river. Mona laughs.

"They will be after me soon," she
says. "An' Mollie will be a callin'
me, but she won't know; will she, Ger-
ald?"

"No, colleen," answers Gerald in de-
light at the smiling face she turns to
him. He rests his oars in the oarlocks
and lets the boat drift.

"Mona," he says, bending toward her.
"Mona, listen."

"An' won't I catch it, too?" she says
with a peal of laughter, as though catch-
ing it would be a festive occasion.

"Here's the place, ye Gerald?"

"Yes," he answers moodily. "Wait,
I'll get the stuff; ye needn't move."

She catches hold of the bending branch
of willow and draws the boat close in
shore. One small bare foot swings back
and forth in the water as she balances
herself on the prow and hums softly to
herself. She knows he is angry; she
guesses what he has started to say to
her a moment ago, but what does she
care for that? The lips are demure and
serious as she thinks him, but the violet
eyes are laughing.

"Gerald," she says, when the oars com-
menced to move, "Aileen's here."

"Aileen?"

"Yes. She has the chance to see us
now while Lady Lindores is at home.
She is still my lady's maid, ye know,
Aileen is, and it's myself would like to
be in her place."

"Mona! Ye would like to go away
from—Kilgarrock?"

"Yes," she cries, "surely."

The boat's keel ran up to the landing
place. She jumped out and then turned
away with the basket in her hand. One
glance she gave him over her shoulder.

"An' won't ye care, Gerald?"

"Faith, 'tis not the likes of me she
would be after plasin'," he said to him-
self as he watched the little figure trip
up the green bank and over the stile.

of the cowbell echoed back again. He
pictured her sitting on the little stool
and milking the cow; he knew how she
would look—he had often watched her.
The sleeves of her frock would be pushed
up over her round arm; the dark rings
of her hair would lie loosely over her
head and float against the dull dun of
the cow's side. He imagined he could
hear her talking and cooing to old Light-
foot, who seemed to him so unapprecia-
tive.

He remembered Aileen. She and
Mona were about the same age, but so
unlike in appearance that kinship would
have never been suspected. While Mona
was rather below the average height
Aileen was above it; Mona's curly tresses
were black as midnight, and Aileen's
brunze gold.

It had been a proud moment to them
all when my Lady Lindores sent for
Aileen to come to the "big house," as the
tenantry all termed the great stone man-
sion, and prouder still when my lady
made known her wishes that Aileen
should accompany her as maid.

Not a pulse of jealousy quickened Mo-
na's throbs at Aileen's good fortune. She
rejoiced with her cousin, and was un-
feignedly glad. And now my Lord and
Lady Lindores were home for a short
while after a year of absence, and Aileen
was back once more in the home of her
childhood. With tears of delight her
mother and Mona greeted the traveler,
her father surveyed her with complacent
pride and approval; to them she was
more beautiful than ever.

The month drew to a close. The "big
house" would soon be empty again and
silent. The days had been busy ones;
new cottages had been erected, new
barns and buildings; the wide estates
had been refenced and improved. And
now all would be quiet till winter, when
it was expected that the mansion would
be filled with a merry crowd of guests
and the logs would blaze on the hearths,
making Christmas cheer.

My lord and lady, allies beloved by
their people, had been planning some
amusement for them as an appropriate
and welcome wind up of the work. The
wide new lawn seemed particularly
adapted for the purpose, and Lord Lin-
dores announced that here he would give
a dance and a bountiful supper.

Mona slipped down to the river, in
glee at the good news Aileen had just
brought to her. She swung herself up
to a limb that reached half way over the
water, and scrambled recklessly out
upon it till the bough swayed.

"Gerald!" she called, looking eagerly
down the river. "Hi, Gerald!"

He was not in sight, but she thought
he would probably be just around the
bend, fishing. In one moment the fa-
miliar faded red boat came swinging
around.

"Come here, Gerald, just as quick as
ye can!" she calls quivering with excite-
ment and splashing the water below
with impatient blows.

"Comin'," he answers. "Shure, Mona,
what is it? Is the cow after dyin'? Or
the pigs stole? Tell it, colleen."

"The cow?" she says, her eyes dancing.
"Oh, Gerald, it's me feet I can't lapa
still long enough to spake wid me
tongue. The dance we're goin' to have
in the new barn to-morrow night; ye
didn't know that now? I have come just
to tell ye n'it."

"And is that all?" says Gerald, as he
rests his oars and looks at her surprised.

"An' I thought, Mona, ye had a thing to
tell and afard the news. A big bite I
lost, too, for whin ye called so fast I
didn't have time to fish."

"Well, an' ye gied now, Gerald, for me
to tell ye?"

"Faith, an' I know that same already.
It was no news to me, Mona."

Mona's red lip pouted.

"Go back thin, Gerald, to your fishin';
'tis not for me to bother ye."

Gerald surveyed her with an odd ex-
pression on his face.

"Look, Mona," he said, drawing a lit-
tle bundle from the pocket of his cordu-
roy trousers. "See what I am goin' to
ask the purtiest gurl in Kilgarrock to
wear to-morrow night. And he care-
fully unrolled a wide pink silk handker-
chief and held it up for Mona's inspec-
tion. The little maid clasped her hands
in admiration. She had nothing like it
and never doubted that it was intended
for her.

"This beautiful, shure, Gerald."

He craned his neck around to one side
to behold the kerchief from her point of
view.

"Yes," he said calmly, and then folded
it up very carefully in its tissue wrap-
pings and put the bundle back into his
pocket.

"Good-by, Mona," he called, bending
over his oars again.

She did not answer, but stared rather
blankly at the little boat till it disap-
peared.

"Indeed, thin, I don't care if it's not
for me. I wouldn't have it," she said
her head and speaking emphatically, "I
wouldn't have it at all, at all."

She turned off her head and sang a little
melodiously to herself, and then she be-
gan to sing a gay little carol. A bird
in the tree caught the notes and burst
into responsive song. Mona ceased sud-
denly.

"Oh, hush, ye bird!" she cried, im-
patient in her voice, and then she was
turned to go deliberately pushed a help-
less little frog into the water.

When the next evening came the barn
was full of life and laughter. As Mona
with her uncle and aunt entered the lit-
tle yard gate the plank-plinkety-plank
of the violins came floating out to them,
mingled with the shuffling of many feet.

"Oh, make haste!" she whispered to
herself, and could not keep her feet in
the sober pace that suited her aunt's
calm step. The lanterns hung down
from the doorway and windows, wide
flags floated from the roof and streamers
and nois of bunting swept across the
walls and ceiling inside.

Mona had spent an hour about the
adornment of her small person, but she
need not have lingered. There were
many feet besides her own. Many
other dresses old besides hers. Around
her neck was a string of yellow beads
and a yellow sash of Aileen's around her
waist.

They pushed their way to a seat, and
Aunt Mollie fanned herself vigorously.
Mona stood around with interest. There
was Mollie Stewart, and there was Ma-
gie Tully and Annie Kavanagh. All
these girls, as well as the lady, were on
hand, but where was Aileen? She had
said she was coming. Mona looked in
one direction and then another, and at
last there sat Aileen close to a window,
and near by stood Gerald, gazing at her.
Mona turned a little pale. She did not
see Patsy and Barney and Fanny edg-
ing up to her; she never even thought
of any of them. In her eagerness to make

no mistake she stood up on tiptoe to see
the better. Yes, it was Aileen, and now
Gerald was leading her out to dance.
The pink silk kerchief was round her
neck. Something seemed to shoot across
Mona's eyes with a blinding pain. When
Barney begged her to dance she an-
swered a little sharply, and he went
away again.

"It is too warm here, aunt, just now,"
she said to Mrs. Kelly.

"Go stand in the cool a while, child,"
said her aunt. "There's Aileen comin'
over here, bide a bit."

But Mona was gone. Not under the
trees did she stop, not by the little gate.
Swiftly she passed out the side way,
over the dusty road and into her own
yard. Here she paused a moment, and
catching her breath with something that
sounded like a sob passed around the
tiny thatched hut, and so over the stile
to the river. Down on her face upon the
grass she threw herself, careless of the
yellow sash of which she had been so
proud; the yellow beads burst their
string and some rolled down the bank
into the river. She lay very still and
quiet, so quiet that a nightingale gave
her no heed and began to sing. A whip-

poorwill called on the opposite bank, and
far off in the woods came the answer of
his mate. The gleaming moon rolled
slowly into view and silvered each
branch and blossom.

The birds sang on, but Mona heard
them not. She was thinking—one hand
on the heart that beat so fast, the other
arm pillowing her head. She did not try
to analyze her feelings; she would not
have known how. There was a dull ache
in her breast, and memory was torturing
her.

"Holy mother," she began, whisper-
ing, and could get no further.

"She will not help me now; I am too
bad, too bad at all!"

She thought how unkindly she had al-
ways treated Gerald; she had laughed
to herself.

"Oh, werra, werra," she ejaculated.
And now Aileen had taken him; it was
Aileen's fault, not Gerald's; how could
she do it, how could she?

And wear his kerchief—the prettiest
girl in Kilgarrock—those were his
words, and now she knew what he had
meant. Oh, why had not Aileen staid
away! And now Gerald was gone from
her entirely.

Slowly she made up her mind that she
would be brave; no one, not Aileen nor
Gerald, should ever know the truth.
Gerald should never know she was sorry
now, and so he would be happy. She
murmured him a farewell in soft Irish
words, "Gerald, anoon ma Gerald."

The slow tears trickled down her
cheeks and gleamed upon the grass like
diamonds. The moonlight lay over the
prostrate figure in broken patches.
Gently the breeze lifted and let fall
again each dark ring of silky hair curl-
ing over her head and down to the white
neck that shone all the winter.

The moon reached the middle of her
jeweled course. The nightingale sang,
all unconscious of the silent grief be-
neath him. The lashes lay over her
flushed cheek like a dark shadow; in
very weariness and worn out with her
misery she had fallen asleep.

The bird at last hushed his sweet
treble and flew away. He had heard a
hasty step over the grass. But Mona
heard not, saw not. Somebody came
down to the river bank almost on a run,
and stopped short at sight of the little
figure lying there so motionless. He
knew down beside her. With a quick
ave Gerald noted the tear stained cheek,
the parted lips, whence came a long
drawn sobbing breath.

Without a word he gathered her up in
his arms, asleep as she was, but Mona
stirred and then started from him wide
awake.

"I—ye—oh, Gerald!"

"They are all about for ye," he an-
swered. "Ye have scared the heart 'av
me. An' why did ye come down here?"

"Don't," she whispered, trying to re-
member her resolution. "I will go back
now." She stood up and then swayed a
little, dizzily.

"Mona, inavournent!" said Gerald,
holding her close.

She struggled to release herself, and
stood back from him painfully, defiant.

"Ye shall not touch me," she cried.
"Go back to Aileen, go to her and
spake your words. Tell her that same
inavournent story; she will believe ye.
Let me pass; I can go home; I'll not
need"—but the proud curve of the lips
weakened, and the eyes commenced to
brim with tears. She turned away her
head and tried to spring past him. Ger-
ald stood motionless at first, looking at
her in surprise, and then he caught her
by the arm.

"Mona, stop a bit," he said, almost
sternly. "What is this come to ye?
What av Aileen to me? Are ye dhramin',
child?"

"Let me go," she whispered; "let me
go."

"No, I'll not let ye go. Spake to me,
Mona. What is it? Nay, ye cannot go.
Tell it to me."

She faced him, then, and her eyes
flushed through the tears.

"An' ye would talk to me, would ye?
An' ye would wait for me to market;
an' ye would sing to me under the thatch
at night; an' ye would tell me ye love
me! Oh, it is not true at all, at all. Ye
know I am speakin' but the truth,
an' ye will make me say it. Ah, but
the heart av ye is black. Aileen's there
dancin' to-night; Aileen is there waitin'
for ye with your kerchief round her
neck—the pink kerchief ye showed me
and said 'twas for the purtiest gurl in
Kilgarrock; go to her, go!"

The little figure was quivering with
wrath and emotion; then she remem-
bered all at once that she had broken her
promise to herself, but having broken
it she was not going to yield an inch.

"Shure, 'tis not what I care for ye; 'tis
the base desolate hate. Let me pass now,
if ye please!"

"An' I don't please, Mona," he said.
"—Is that all? Now ye shall listen to me.
Ye would never hear to me afore, Mona;
'tis not my fault. I do love ye, an' ye
wrong me when ye say no. Shure, ma-
vournent, I love the very ground ye
walk on, and the sound of your voice is
a music to me. The kerchief—aroon, are
ye angered with the poor, pretty thing?
See, I have it yet for the purtiest
and smartest gurl in Kilgarrock."

An' won't ye wear it now? I knew not
even did Aileen wear one, an' 'twas not
mine she had on her neck. Aye, bide
with ye, 'tis here on my heart is the
right place for it. No tears, Mona;
Mona, mavourneen, 'tis all right now.
An' won't ye wear the poor kerchief, col-
leen?"

He drew it around her neck, and held
the ends close up under her chin. Pres-
santly she looked at him, shiver, from un-

der lowered happy lashes.

"Ah, Gerald, 'tis too beautiful for
me!"—George Wilson Prescott in Times-
Democrat.

A Pig with a Human Head.

Charles C. Clark, an undertaker and
embalmer, has in his establishment the
remains of a young pig, which is one of
the greatest freaks of nature ever seen in
Jacksonville, Fla. It is the property of
E. A. Lindsey, of Springfield, and is one
of a litter of eleven pigs. Ten of these
pigs are perfectly formed and are
thriving, but the one in question was
born dead.

It is about twice the size of the other
pigs of the same litter, and is perfectly
hairless, except for a small patch of
whiskers on the chin. The head of this
freak is human shaped. The ears are
set on the side of the head like those of
a human being, but are larger and
shaped like an elephant's ear. The chin,
mouth and cheeks are human shaped,
while the teeth are like a shark's. It
has no nose, but instead a perfectly
shaped trunk extends from the base of
the forehead just where the root of the
nasal organ should be.

Immediately under the root of the
trunk is situated one large egg shaped
eye, with two large, round pupils (one
at each end of the eye), which peeps out
from under and on either side of the
trunk. Each pupil or eye is shaded by
white eyebrows, which very much re-
semble the velvety brows of an infant.
The trunk is nearly four inches in length
and is perfectly pliable. The hoofs of
the feet are goat shaped and turn up at
the points like those of a mountain goat.
Taken as a whole it is the most hideous
looking object ever seen in Jackson-
ville.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Art of Breathing.

In each respiration an adult inhales
one pint of air. A healthy man respires
16 to 20 times a minute, or 20,000 times
a day; a child 25 or 35 times a minute.
While standing the adult respiration is
22 times per minute; while lying down,
13. The superficial surface of the lungs,
i. e., of their alveolar space, is 200 square
yards. The amount of air respired every
24 hours is about 10,000 quarts. The
amount of oxygen absorbed in 24 hours
is 500 litres (about 744 grams). The
amount of carbonic acid expired in the
same time is 400 litres (511.5 grams).

Two-thirds of the oxygen absorbed in
24 hours is absorbed during the night
hours, from 6 p. m. to 6 a. m.; three-
fifths of the total is thrown off during
the day. The pulmonary surface gives
off 150 grams of water daily in the state
of vapor. An adult must have at least
300 litres of air in an hour. The heart
sends 800 quarts of blood through the
lungs every hour, or about 5,000 daily.
The duration of inspiration is five-
twelfths of expiration, seven-twelfths of
the whole respiratory act. During sleep
inspiration occupies two-twelfths of the
respiratory period.—St. Louis Republic.

Oddities of Great Men.

The greatest men are often affected by
the most trivial circumstances, which
have no apparent connection with the
effects they produce. An old gentleman
of whom we knew something felt secure
against the cramp when he placed his
shoes on going to bed so that the right
shoe was on the left of the left shoe, and
the toe of the right next to the heel of
the left. If he did not bring the right
shoe round the other side in that way he
was liable to the cramp. Dr. Johnson
used always, in going up Bolt court, to
put one foot upon each stone of the
avenue; if he failed he felt certain
the day would be unlucky.

Buffon, the celebrated naturalist, never
wrote but in full dress. Dr. Routh, of
Oxford, studied in full canonicals. A
celebrated preacher of the last century
could never make a sermon with his
garters on. A great German scholar
writes with his braces off. Reising, the
German critic, wrote his commentaries
on Sophocles with a pot of porter by his
side. Schybel, lecturer at the age of 73
extempore in Latin, with his snuff box
constantly at hand; without it he could
not get on.—New York Ledger.

The Modern Match.

Husband getting ready to light the
gas—My dear, I wish you would re-
move all newspapers and other com-
bustible material to the next room. Then
send for several pails of water and have
them handy.

Wife—Why, what for?

Husband—I am going to strike a
match. Of course it will break, and
there is never any telling where the
burning end will land.—Good News.

Crackle Glass.

Some of the most beautiful specimens of
the popular novelty known as crackle glass
are produced by covering one side of a
plate glass with a thick stratum of flux
or fusible glass, mixed with coarse
fragments of glass; in this condition it is
placed in a muffle or an open furnace
where it is strongly heated, and as soon as
the flux is melted and the glass itself has
become red hot it is removed from the
furnace and rapidly cooled. Under this
operation the flux or fusible glass cracks
and splits, leaving innumerable fine lines
of fracture over its surface, having much
the appearance of scales of irregular crys-
tals, which cross and intersect each other
in every direction. The rapid cooling of
the fusible coating is effected either by ex-
posing the heated mass to the action of a
current of cold air or by cautious sprink-
ling with cold water. By protecting cer-
tain portions of the glass surface from the
action of the flux these portions retain
their original smoothness and polish, and
form, of course, a striking contrast to the
crackled portions of the surface.—Ex-
change.

Flower Anagrams.

To each lady is given a card on which
are written the names of ten flowers, but
with the letters entirely out of their proper
order.

The game consists in seeing who will
guess the greatest number of names in a
certain time. The prize is a blooming
plant—the "booby prize" a paper rose.

The following are good names for the
purpose:
Loret, or violet, Sparg, or pansy,
Yachtin, or hyacinth, Sparkler, or lake-
spurge, Snowflake, or wild rose. Other names
can easily be adapted, and a long list soon
arranged.—Youth's Companion.

Beautiful Jewish Women.

The Jewish women of the Jerusalem of
today are as pretty as they were when the
beautiful Ruth slept at the foot of Boaz,
and some of the young girls that I saw
would have made fit models for one of
Azzura de Soria's Madonnas. They do
not preserve their beauty as they grow
older, and it is not an uncommon thing for
a Jerusalem Jew to divorce his wife and
take another one. Shortly before I arrived
in Palestine the chief rabbi, who is a
man of 50 years old, had just taken a 20-
year-old girl.—Frank G. Carpenter in N.
Y. Life.

THE AULD MEAL MILL.

Oh, gis ye come tae oar farm toun,
An' dander 'neath the mill,
Ye'll see among the bracken broom
The auld meal mill.

There lies the widdie 'wimples' burn—
A bonnie, brackie burn,
And loopin' 'fore it takes a turn
Roun' oar auld mill.

Oh, sit ye down among the trees,
List tae the breeze, the trill
O' birds, and quiv'ra, fadin' leaves
By oar meal mill.

Or speed awa' tae "Fairy Knowe,"
And speed wi' fette will
Whaur mosses grow ayeont the knowe
'Bune oar meal mill.

Ye couldnae ask a fairer sight,
Sae peaceful, calm and still,
Or view a house sae cooth an' bricht
As oar meal mill.

The wheel gangs round an' round the day,
Grindin' the grit wi' will;
An' poortie's door o'er opens frae
The auld meal mill.

—New York Truth.

Wonderful Changes.

In one of the New England states there
is a quiet little country town, whither
the railroad has not penetrated to which
no new house has been built for nearly a
quarter of a century, while the place has
fewer inhabitants than it had fifty years
ago.

The oldest inhabitant is a man 90 years
of age, whose whole life has been passed in
this town of his birth. He still lives in
the house where he was born.

A stranger from a distant city was talk-
ing in this aged citizen one day, when
the old gentleman said: